MARVEL 97.com

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EXILES®

There are realities outside our own; some similar, others abnormal. Sometimes these realities are damaged, and need some help.

That's where we come in...

EXILES

Stolen from countless different realities, the Exiles' roster is constantly shifting, depending on the specific mission.

Current Roster:

Sabretooth
Age of Apocalypse

Morph
Earth-58163

Psylocke
Earth-616

Blink
Age of Apocalypse

Longshot
Mojoverse

Spider-Man 2099
Earth-6375

Computer

The team can't quite figure out why they've been called to this new Earth, where life seems so perfect. But Blink may have an idea; after capturing her, Reed Richards explains that Doom, leader of the Four Fantastics, has erased everything that makes humans unique from their DNA. And Psylocke awakes after a troubling dream to find Kitty Pryde inside their Crystal Palace headquarters!

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THE CRYSTAL PALACE, HOME AND "HEADQUARTERS" OF THE EXILES...

...PICKING THINGS UP PRETTY MUCH RIGHT WHERE WE LEFT OFF...

WHAT THE DEVIL?

KITTY PRYDE--IS THAT REALLY YOU!?!

HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

ARE YOU EVEN REAL?

KITTY--WAIT!

DON'T RUN!

TUNG!

I DON'T MEAN YOU ANY HARM!

HOME, AGAIN!

WHERE DREAMS TO NIGHTMARES GROW!

PART THREE

by Chris Claremont & Steve Scott

COMPUTER!

THIS KID NEEDS *HELP.* DOES THE PALACE HAVE A *HOSPITAL?*

I'LL SHOW YOU THE WAY AND PREP ITS SYSTEMS.

WHO IS SHE, BETSY? *WHERE'D* SHE COME FROM?

DON'T *YOU* KNOW?

I'M NOT EQUIPPED WITH A SENSE OF *HUMOR.* IF I KNEW THE ANSWER, I *WOULDN'T* HAVE ASKED.

SHE *LOOKS* LIKE ONE OF THE X-MEN: *KITTY PRYDE.*

BUT THIS INCARNATION'S *YOUNGER.*

NORMAN LEE INKER
WIL QUINTANA COLORIST
SIMON BOWLAND LETTERER
TOMM COKER COVER ARTIST
NATHAN COSBY ASSISTANT EDITOR
MARK PANICCIA EDITOR
JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER

IT'S ***ALL RIGHT,*** KITTY, THERE'S NOTHING HERE TO BE ***AFRAID*** OF, YOU'RE AMONG ***FRIENDS.***

DON'T ***TOUCH*** ME, GET ***AWAY*** FROM ME!

STOP IT, KITTY, WE'RE ONLY TRYING TO ***HELP!***

MY NAME'S ***CAT!*** AND HOW CAN ***YOU*** HELP ME?

YOU'RE ***ELSBETH BRADDOCK.***

YOU'RE ***CAPTAIN BRITANNIA.***

BUT CAPTAIN BRITANNIA'S ***DEAD!***

I'M ***NOT*** "ELSBETH", I'M ***ELISABETH.***

AND AS YOU CAN SEE, I'M VERY MUCH ***ALIVE.***

WE'RE FROM ***DIFFERENT DIMENSIONS,*** YOU AND I, VARIATIONS ON THE SAME BASIC ***FOUNDATION.***

WHERE'S THE ***HOSPITAL,*** COMPUTER, SHOW ME THE ***WAY!***

THIS IS ***CRAZY,*** IT CAN'T BE POSSIBLE!

ALL I DID WAS ***PHASE*** THROUGH A ***WALL!***

I WANT TO GO ***HOME!***

*POOR DEAR'S TERRIFIED. DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT, CERTAINLY ISN'T **KIND.***

*SHE'S **TOUGH,** MY LOVE. SHE'LL DO **FINE.***

*ARE YOU **SURE** OF WHAT YOU'VE SET IN MOTION?*

*CONSIDERING WHAT'S AT **STAKE,** ALL I'M REALLY SURE OF IS THAT WE HAVE TO **TRY.***

NEW YORK, NEW YORK-- A HECKUVA TOWN...

...NO MATTER WHAT DIMENSION YOU FIND YOURSELF IN.

THE STREETS LOOK MUCH THE SAME, AS DO THE GENERAL SIZE AND TEXTURE OF THE BUILDINGS.

THIS VARIANT OF MANHATTAN SEEMS AS CROWDED AND BUSTLING HERE AS IT DOES AT HOME.

THE PROBLEM IS, IF EVERYTHING'S SO NORMAL, SO PEACEFUL...

...WHY DOES LONGSHOT'S HEART FEEL SO UTTERLY BROKEN?

HIS TEAMMATES SEEM TO HAVE NO TROUBLE FITTING IN...

...WHY DOES HE REFUSE?

HE'S BEEN **ROAMING** THE CITY ALL NIGHT--

--WITH **MORPH** FOLLOWING CLOSE BEHIND.

HE **FEELS** THINGS FAR MORE DEEPLY AND INTENSELY THAN EVERYONE ELSE.

IF HE'S THIS **BOTHERED...**

KEVIN SIDNEY'S NOTICED HIMSELF THAT THIS WORLD DOESN'T **"FEEL"** AS COMFORTABLE AS IT APPEARS...

...BUT WAS WILLING TO CHALK THAT UP TO THE FACT THAT THIS IS A DIFFERENT DIMENSION.

ON THE OTHER HAND, **LONGSHOT'S** POWERS ARE BASED ON **EMPATHY.**

...THERE MUST BE A **REASON.**

AND IF THAT LEADS HIM INTO **TROUBLE...**

...HE'LL LIKELY NEED **A TEAMMATE** TO COVER HIS **BACK.**

MORPH'S BEEN WITH THE EXILES SINCE THEIR **INCEPTION.**

HE FIGURES HE'S **LOST** WAY TOO MANY TEAMMATES ALREADY.

HE'S DETERMINED NOT TO LOSE **ANOTHER.**

YO, **LONGSHOT!**

EVERYTHING **ALL RIGHT** WITH YOU, PAL?

IS THERE TROUBLE, CAN I **HELP?**

IT'S THIS WORLD, MORPH. IT'S THE *PEOPLE.*

EVERYONE IS *HOLLOW* INSIDE. THEY HAVE NO *SOUL.*

I DON'T *UNDERSTAND.* WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

THE *PEOPLE*--THEY'RE MISSING THEIR ESSENTIAL, PRIMAL *PASSION*--AND THEY DON'T EVEN *KNOW* IT!

IS THAT REALLY SO *BAD,* LONGSHOT?

HOW *OFTEN* HAVE WE SEEN THAT SAME PASSION CAUSE WAY MORE *HARM* THAN GOOD?

WITHOUT THAT PASSION, WHAT *ARE* WE?

WHAT'S THE POINT OF BEING *HUMAN?*

THESE POOR PEOPLE ARE JUST *SHADOWS* OF WHAT THEY SHOULD BE, EVEN THE *CHILDREN!*

THAT'S WHAT *HURTS* THE MOST.

NOBODY HERE KNOWS HOW TO REALLY *LAUGH.*

THEY DON'T KNOW HOW TO *CRY,* EITHER.

LONGSHOT, IT'S *THEIR* WORLD.

WE'D GO *CRAZY* LIVING HERE BUT IF *THEY'RE* AT PEACE--

--HAVE WE GOT THE RIGHT TO *CHANGE* THAT? TO TAKE IT *AWAY?*

YOU SOUND LIKE *BETSY.*

GREAT MINDS, THEY THINK *ALIKE.*

MORPH, IF WE *STAY* HERE, WE'LL BECOME JUST LIKE *THEM.*

IF THIS WORLD GETS *INSIDE* US, WE COULD SPREAD IT ACROSS THE *TIME-FIELD.*

THEN, GUYS, WE'D BETTER START MOVING *FAST...*

AND *NOT* MAKE ANY *MISTAKES.*

I NEED YOU GUYS TO COME WITH ME.

WE'VE GOT A *LOT* TO TALK ABOUT AND A WHOLE LOT *MORE* TO DO. AND *NO* TIME AT ALL.

I'M *SORRY,* MORPH. I CAN'T GET TO THEM.

THEY'RE TOO CLOSE TO *DOOM.* IT'S TOO *RISKY.*

CLARICE, CAN WE *SAVE* THIS WORLD, THESE *PEOPLE?*

BUT-- *SHOULD* WE?

WE'RE EXILES, LONGSHOT, *ANYTHING'S* POSSIBLE.

BUT *BLINK,* WHAT ABOUT *SPIDEY* AND *SABRETOOTH?*

IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE MIGUEL O'HARA CAN REMEMBER A NIGHT LIKE THIS...

...AND THE FEELINGS THAT WENT WITH IT.

IT STARTED WITH A WALK ALONG THE RIVER, MOVED ON TO DINNER, AND THEN TO DANCING.

THEY DID THEIR SHARE OF TALKING, WHICH CAME AS NATURALLY AND EASILY BETWEEN THEM AS BREATHING.

BUT THE WORDS WERE SIMPLY PROLOGUE.

WHAT MATTERED...

...WAS WHAT CAME AFTER.

ON EVERY CONTINENT STANDS A BUILDING LIKE THIS, EACH ONE RISING A MILE ABOVE THE PLANET'S SURFACE...

...A SIMPLE, ELOQUENT REMINDER OF WHO SAVED THE WORLD FROM DESTRUCTION...

...AND NOW RULES IT

OSTENSIBLY FOR THE GOOD OF ALL.

SABRETOOTH HAS VISITED MORE VARIANT EARTHS THAN HE CAN EASILY REMEMBER...

...BUT EVEN HE CAN'T RECALL A MANHATTAN VIEW QUITE LIKE THIS.

LIKE WHAT YOU SEE?

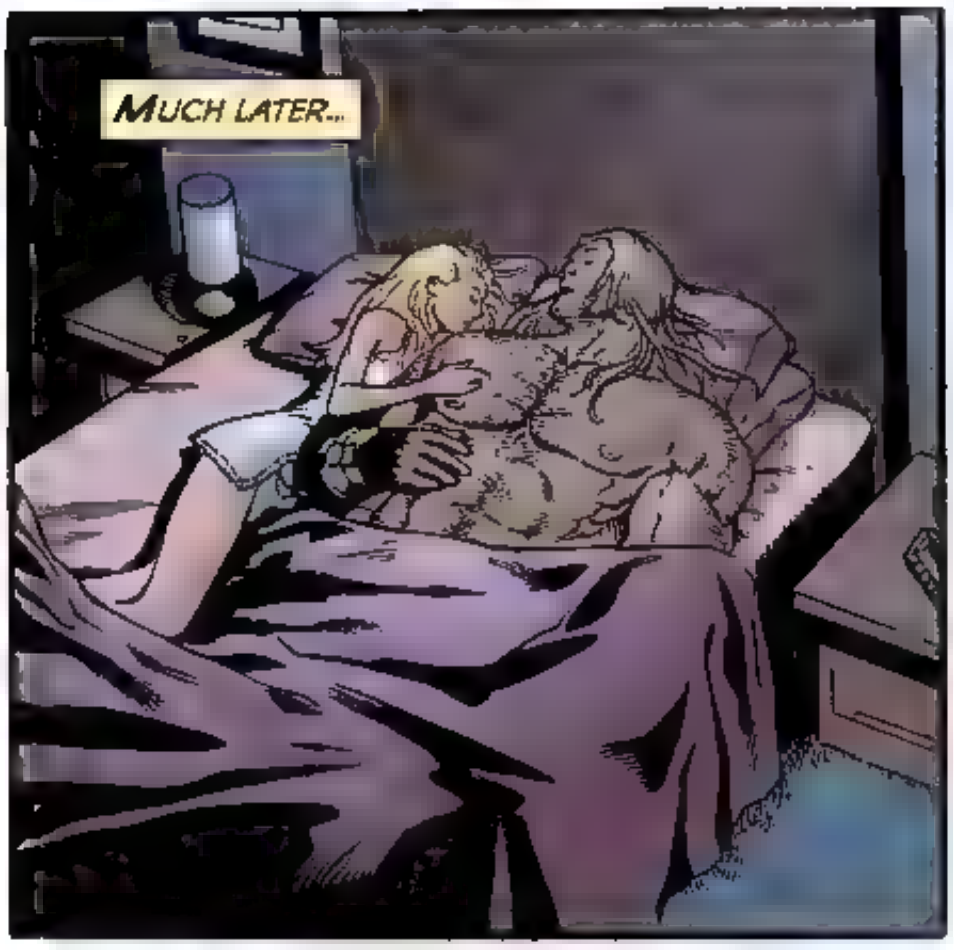
IS THAT A TRICK QUESTION?

NOT AT ALL. SIMPLE CURIOSITY

WITH YOU, I FIGURE *NOTHIN'S* "SIMPLE." BUT LEMME THROW ONE *BACK.*

I THOUGHT YOU WERE *SPOKEN FOR.*

ACTIONS, MY DARLING, SPEAK FAR MORE *ELOQUENTLY* THAN WORDS.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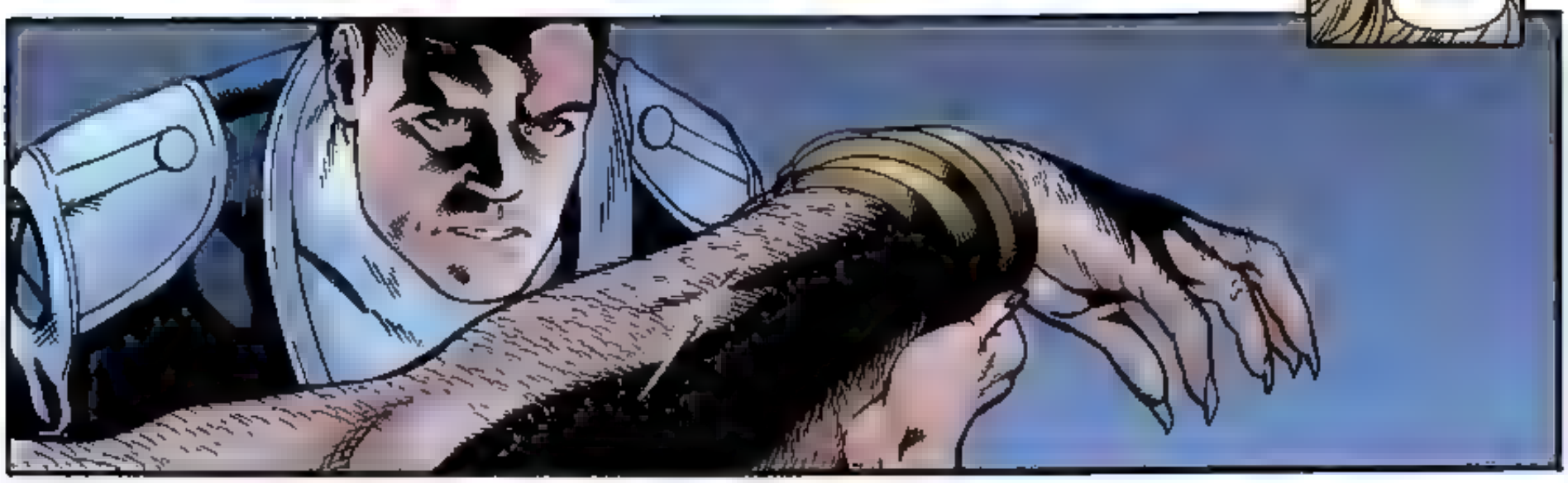

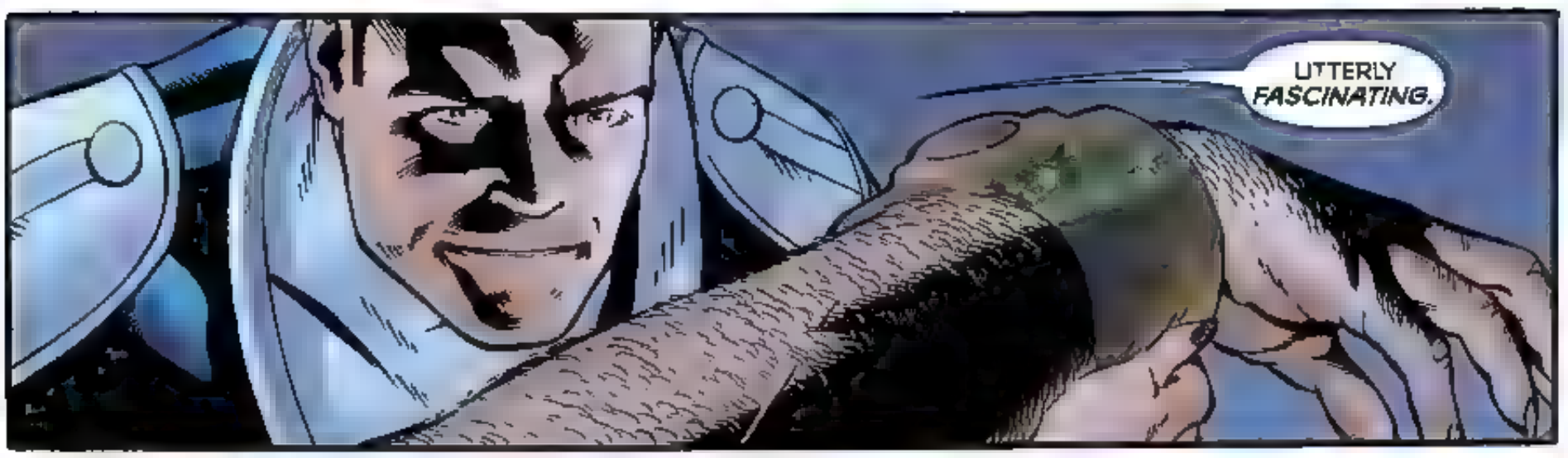
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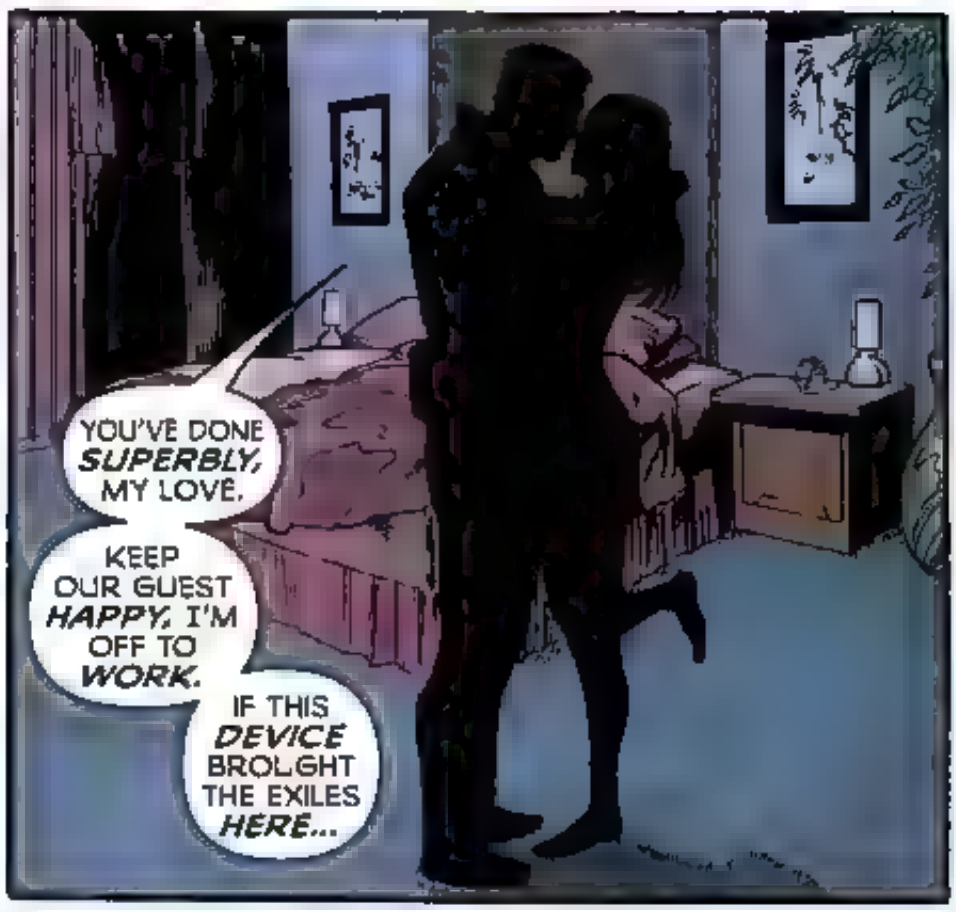
FASCINATING.


YOU'VE DONE
SUPERBLY,
MY LOVE.
KEEP
OUR GUEST
HAPPY, I'M
OFF TO
WORK.
IF THIS
DEVICE
BROUGHT
THE EXILES
HERE...

...IT'S
ONLY POLITE TO
PAY HIS WORLD
A VISIT IN
RETURN.

AT ROUGHLY THE SAME TIME, IN THE UNDERGROUND STRONGHOLD OF REED RICHARDS...

AS WE MOVED INTO THE SECOND HALF OF THE CENTURY, EVERYONE EXPECTED IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE HUMANITY WAS ENGULFED IN A *THIRD WORLD WAR.*

DOOM APPEARED LIKE A MIRACULOUS ANSWER TO THE WORLD'S *PRAYERS.*

HIS *BRILLIANCE* WAS UNDENIABLE.

HE BROUGHT AN *END* TO HUNGER, AND TO DISEASE

THE *MORE* PEOPLE LISTENED TO H M. THE MORE REASONS THEY FOUND TO LIVE TOGETHER IN *PEACE.*

WHEN A MAN FREELY OFFERS A *GOLDEN AGE,* WHAT REASON DO YOU HAVE TO *FIGHT* HIM?

THERE WERE THOSE WHO COULDN'T CHANGE, OR WOULDN'T, OVER THE YEARS THEY ALL *DISAPPEARED,* OR THEY WERE *KILLED*--FOR THE GLOBAL *GOOD*--

...OR WERE *RECRUITED* INTO DOOM'S PERSONAL GUARD, UNDER THE AEGIS OF THE *FOUR FANTASTICS.*

THERE ARE *WORSE* FATES, REED!

JESSICA!

--IN MIND AND *BODY!*

HE COULD MAKE YOU *BETTER,* AS HE REMADE *ME.* HE COULD MAKE YOU *WHOLE--*

IT WAS *HIS* MISTAKE--HIS *ARROGANCE--*

--THAT DID THE *DAMAGE* IN THE FIRST PLACE.

HE'S DONE *NOTHING* SINCE TO EARN ANYONE'S *TRUST.*

HE *SAVED* THE WORLD, REED.

IS *THAT* WHY YOU HATE HIM, WHY YOU *FIGHT* HIM STILL?

BECAUSE *HE* DID WHAT YOU COULD *NOT?*

NO!

BACK OFF MY *COUSIN*, CREEP!

OOF!

SHE'S BEEN *CRAZY* FOR YEARS BUT THANKS TO DOOM, SHE'S *HEALED*.

SHE'S JUST TRYING TO *HELP*.

I WON'T LET ANYONE *HURT* HER FOR THAT!

CONGRATULATIONS. THEN. YOU GET THE AWARD FOR "*COUSIN OF THE YEAR*."

BUT IT DOESN'T MAKE YOU *RIGHT*.

OH *BEN*-- JESSICA--I'M SO *SORRY*.

I *PRAY* YOU CAN FIND IT IN YOUR HEARTS TO *FORGIVE* ME--

--FOR *ALL* THAT I HAVE DONE, AND WHAT I *MUST DO*.

HEY *FREAKS,* WHAT DID'JA THINK--

--THAT WE'D LET THE *NEW GAL* COME AFTER YOU *ALONE?*

TEAM EFFORT, CAN'TCHA TELL?

WE KNOW *SOMETHING* ABOUT THAT, FELLA.

BLAM

MATTER OF FACT, *TEAMWORK* IS THE EXILES' STOCK IN TRADE.

AND WE'RE VERY *GOOD* AT IT.

BLINK

"CAN'TCHA TELL?"

WHAT D'YOU GUYS THINK YOU WERE DOING, WALKING IN HERE AND SETTING OFF SOME KIND OF *BOMB?*

HATE TO INTERRUPT, MORPH, BUT IT'S TIME TO *GO.*

I DON'T GET IT--

-AREN'T WE *WINNING?*

BATTLES DON'T MATTER, MY YOUNG FRIENDS

IT'S THE *WAR* WE HAVE TO WIN.

WE CAUGHT THEM BY SURPRISE, VICTOR. WE GOT IN THE FIRST SHOT...

...BUT THE *OUTWORLDERS* PROVED FAR MORE *SKILLED* AND RESOURCEFUL THAN WE EXPECTED.

THE FEMALE, CODE-NAMED *BLINK*, TELEPORTED THEM AWAY

CONTINUE YOUR PURSUIT, BRUCE.

AND NEXT TIME, DON'T LET THEIR POWERS CATCH YOU BY *SURPRISE*.

THIS TECHNOLOGY IS *FASCINATING*.

IT'S SO FAR *BEYOND* WHAT WE POSSESS THAT EVEN *I* WOULD HAVE TROUBLE DESCRIBING IT.

WHICH MAKES IT AN IRRESISTIBLE *CHALLENGE*.

WITH RESPECT, SIR, IT MIGHT BE ADVISABLE TO CHECK ON THE **OTHERS**.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I EVER *STOPPED*?

WE'VE BEEN UP ALL NIGHT.

I'M NOT **SLEEPY**, *ARE YOU?*

WIDE **AWAKE**.

I FEEL LIKE I CAN GO ON LIKE THIS **FOREVER**.

MUCH, MUCH LATER...

THIS SHOULD DO THE TRICK.

IT'S A PROTOTYPE, IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD

THE RISK IS CONSIDERABLE...

...AS IS THE POTENTIAL REWARD.

IF THE RESULT IS FAILURE, YOU WILL BE REMEMBERED.

IF YOU SUCCEED, YOU WILL BE REMEMBERED WITH GLORY.

IT SHOULD WORK.

WHY, ALWAYS AT MOMENTS LIKE THIS, DO I THINK OF REED?

HE NEVER HAD DOUBTS, CURSE HIM. WAS THAT WHY HE'D NEVER RISK ANYONE'S LIFE BUT HIS OWN? WAS HE SO ARROGANT?

WAS HE SUCH A FOOL?

MY LORD DOOM, WE'RE THROUGH!

BETSY, WE HAVE INTRUDERS IN THE TRANSPORT BAY!

MILITARY PERSONNEL, HEAVILY ARMED!

WE'RE SPOTTED! SHE'S SOUNDING THE ALARM!

TAKE HER DOWN--BEFORE SHE CAN DO ANY WORSE!

ZARAK

WHAT'S THAT?! WAS THAT A GUNSHOT?

FOR SOMEWHERE LITERALLY IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE...

...WE'VE SUDDENLY BECOME VERY POPULAR!

WHO ARE THESE GUYS?

WHERE'D THEY COME FROM, HOW THE DEVIL DID THEY GET HERE?!

IF THIS SORT OF THING HAPPENS OFTEN, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN NICE FOR SOMEONE TO HAVE WARNED ME!

THESE GUYS MAY NOT HAVE ***SUPER-POWERS...***

...BUT THEY'RE EQUIPPED TO ***FIGHT*** THEM.

THEY'RE TAKING MY HARDEST ***PUNCHES*** JUST FINE--

OUCH!

DON'T ***KILL*** THE WOMAN. JUST TAKE HER ***DOWN.***

DOOM WANTS ***PRISONERS*** SO THEY CAN REVEAL THE ***SECRETS*** OF THIS PLACE.

WE'VE FOUND ***ANOTHER*** ONE. INSIDE THE ***INFIRMARY.***

DON'T SHOOT!

PLEASE DON'T SHOOT, I ***GIVE UP!***

I JUST WANT TO GO ***HOME.*** I DON'T ***BELONG*** HERE, THIS IS ALL SOME TERRIBLE ***MISTAKE,*** I JUST WANT TO GO HOME. DON'T HURT ME. PLEASE, I JUST WANT TO GO HOME.

IT'S JUST SOME ***KID,*** HAVING MAJOR ***HYSTERICS.***

KEEP SECURING THE PREMISES, YOU MEN. ***I'LL*** LOOK AFTER ***HER.***

THE ASSAULT TEAM MOVES OUT...

...AND QUICKLY DISCOVERS THAT THE CRYSTAL PALACE IS **FAR** LARGER THAN THEY ANTICIPATED.

SURPRISINGLY, THE FACT THAT IT ALSO SEEMS **ABANDONED** DOESN'T BRING THEM ANY **COMFORT.**

THE SHEER **SIZE** OF THE PLACE...

...CREATES **FAR** TOO MANY OPPORTUNITIES FOR **SURPRISE.**

AND SOLDIERS REALLY **HATE** SURPRISES.

WHERE THE DEVIL AM I?

AND WHO THE HECK ARE THESE GUYS?

DUNNO THE UNIFORM, BUT A GUN'S A GUN WHEREVER YOU GO.

SO, JOHN PROUDSTAR, FIRST YOU FIGURE OUT THE LAY OF THE LAND AND WHICH SIDE EVERYBODY'S ON...

...AND THEN YOU FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE EXILES.

FIND THEM, HELP THEM— BUT MOST OF ALL...

...YOU TAKE CARE OF THE WOMAN YOU LOVE...

...NOCTURNE!

NEXT: THE DEATH OF TWO GOOD MEN!